



## THE SOCIAL CORNER

### DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS

#### EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

The Bulletin wants good home letters; good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

#### POETRY

##### The Mince Pie of Our Mothers.

O, the mince pie of our mother's! As the mince pie, a symbol of love,  
All my shivers are pervaded by a haunting, deadly fear;  
Turkey, chicken-pie and pudding, none of these my mother can breed,  
'Tis the mince pie of the mince pie, such as mother used to make.

I can hear the screams of children—then the midnight air is stirred  
As some strong man in his anguish loudly shrieks a word of warning,  
And some woman, fair and slender, walks of hearts that bleed and break—  
They are victims of the mince pie, such as mother used to make.

Even the tramp to whom 'tis given, juicy, brown, and full of plums,  
Though he ate it with much pleasure, to its deadly power succumb;  
Vicious maledictions hurled, through long hours, he never made,  
In the clutches of the mince pie, such as mother used to make.

Yet I know that when I meet it at the table, plump and brown,  
I shall eat it, every morsel, for I cannot turn it down;  
Well I have the mince pie, modest, blue-eyed, dainty cake—  
Pudding, too—but O, you mince pie, such as mother used to make.

—NINETTE M. LOWATER.

##### The Land of Pretty-Soon.

"I know of a lane where the streets are paved  
With the things which we mean to achieve;  
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,  
And the measures for which we grieve.  
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,  
And many a coveted boon,  
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—  
The land of 'Pretty-Soon.'

"There are uncut jewels of possible fame,  
Lying about in the dust,  
And many a noble and lofty aim,  
Covered with mold and rust,  
And, oh, this place, while it seems so near,  
Is further away than the moon;  
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—  
To the land of 'Pretty-Soon.'

"The road that leads to that mystic land  
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,  
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand  
Bear witness on their decks,  
It is further from us than it was at dawn,  
And further at night than at noon.  
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—  
The land of 'Pretty-Soon.'

Sent in by "Eloise."

DOM PEDRO'S DAY AT THE BEACH

Dear Social Corner Writers: I was so disappointed that the weather man should give me a forecast of a beautiful day for our beach picnic. It was too bad. There were only a few who braved the weather and they nearly froze. Some of them who went home before noon said they could not stand the cold and to think we could have such a day in mid-September.

When we ate our lunch we had to anchor our belongings, and ourselves, to prevent blowing out to sea. A neighbor was at the beach for such weather before. I was down there a few days before and the weather was just splendid. Don't the right temperature? I wish we could have such a day for our outing. The few who were brave enough to take a swim said it was warmer in the water than out of it.

As I had not been able to meet with the Sisters this summer I had anticipated meeting many old acquaintances and making new ones. There were several among them who came that I had never met before.

I brought home four of the Sisters, when the party broke up about 2 o'clock and we had a nice visit together here. I think when we go to the beach again we should go in a "state of preparedness" for midwinter instead of midsummer.

This episode the first chapter of a Sea Shore Obituary.

If I am able, I expect to be at the Bulletin tent at the fair and hope to meet many of the Sisters there.

Aunt Sarah: You want all the Sisters to carry an exhibit to our booth. He will be glad to do so if the others do. Please let me know as soon as convenient. Tell us about it in The Corner.

That all who attended the function at the shore escaped having any bad effects, is the wish of

DOM PEDRO.

SOC. COR. POEM

USES FOR TURPENTINE.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Here are a few hints for the uses of turpentine,

which the Sisters may be glad to know.

A few drops in lukewarm water will restore the brilliancy to patent leather. Boots and shoes look almost new under its influence.

Applied to a burn where the skin is not broken, it gives quick relief. It soothes down the skin of a blister and prevents soreness.

Workmen's white overalls and artists' working aprons should be steeped in turpentine for twenty-four hours before washing to loosen and remove paint.

A little added to the steaming water of a bathtub will make the water beautifully white.

A flannel dipped in hot water and sprinkled with turpentine will relieve hemorrhoids. This application is also often ordered for the relief of lumbago and rheumatism. It generally relieves neuralgia in the face.

A few drops in lukewarm water will prevent the formation of corns and calluses. For a painful mark on cloth that will not wash, put turpentine on with a small brush. Begin on the outside of the mark and work to the middle, in order to prevent its spreading.

Turpentine mixed with beeswax makes a well known polish for floors. It is also used for making turpentine brighten up an oil cloth.

Two parts of sweet oil and one of turpentine make a reliable furniture polish. It instantly removes finger marks.

But do not forget that turpentine is highly inflammable and that it should be exposed to a flame of gas or fire.

Best wishes to all.

BROWNIE.

REMEMBER OLGA'S PICNIC—AUG. 24.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Should be pleased to hear you all come to my picnic for a social time Aug. 24th. We have been having such pleasant gatherings, felt perhaps you could make it.

I have just one-half mile from Remond's. My home is one mile from Remond's. Hill crossing on trolley line. I shall be glad to see you all.

Any coming by auto will find my home on direct road from Norwich to Remond's. It will be welcome. The more the merrier.

Run! Delivery, St. and Only One: I shall surely look for you.

Olga: My dear friends, I am sure you will all have a very successful picnic. I have just one-half mile from Remond's. My home is one mile from Remond's. Hill crossing on trolley line. I shall be glad to see you all.

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Saturday. Suppose heavy weight was the cause.

Thy: How is thy? You looked cute the day I stopped in.

I will close by asking if any of the Sisters have a recipe for peanut butter cookies with flour measured in? If they will send it to

FAPA'S BOY.

Lebanon.

DOM PEDRO'S BEACH PARTY.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I was sorry not to see you. Sisters Aug. 19th at Dom Pedro's picnic at Ocean Beach.

Although I admit the day was cloudy and cool and looked so much like rain, one hardly knew what to do. It proved a very good day; did not rain until the way home, then not even a drizzle.

There were about twenty-five ventured to go, and had a very nice time; took in the sea breeze, etc.

Six left on Williams' 7:35 car, picked up more on the way down. At Versailles Amy and friend joined us; then at Norwich, Aunt Mary, Judith and two other Sisters whose names I'm sorry to say I can't recall.

At New London when we took the Ocean Beach car, we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Hester, also her son and friend, joined us.

On arriving at the beach, Aunt Hester was waiting for us. Later on there were more come. Each one was supposed to carry their own lunch as requested through The Bulletin. By the time of our basket it was thought they had come for a week, but when three or four had eaten dinner and supper from it there wasn't much left, as the salt breeze does make one have such an appetite.

On starting for home we were invited to go home with Dom Pedro. He had accepted had a most delightful visit of two hours are taking the car for home, regretting we could not stay longer. He was very kind and friendly. We were entertained in seeing some of her handwork, such as embroidery, scarves, etc., also other handwork and a very nice line display at the fair this fall.

ANNA MELLA.

A WELCOME ADDITION.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have been a steady reader of the Social Corner for many months and have always had a desire to write, have been afraid The Corner did not care for new members, but at last I am going to try. I hope you cannot tell until he has tried.

I wonder if any of the Sisters can tell me what to do for persons having aches, as I have them often and they are sometimes blinding. Maybe some of the Sisters can guess 'Who's who' but I tell them I am a school teacher.

When I read the "Selling of the Farm" by Rita Barber, it made me homesick for my farm, which my father has recently rented and moved to a village. Although we are near neighbors and have many advantages, I cannot forget the old home and its arbor and pleasant lanes where I loved to sit and read or study.

The people living there now, of course, do not appreciate these places as I did.

Best wishes to all.

OLDMAID SCHOOLTEACHER.

HINTS FOR BATHROOM.

Take a piece of cardboard, cut it square, then with a small saw cut a little hole in one side and saw it together at the top. Put a ribbon bow each end. This is to stand on your chin when you wash your face. When you want to wash your hands.

Keep a receptacle in your bathroom for holding your hair, should you put these combings in the toilet it will clog up the drainage.

Keep a thermometer there as you very possibly will require heat when you wish to bathe.

Always keep a bathbrush in the bathroom to take out the little ravelings that gather on the hair. A bathbrush with a ring is better as it will not fall down in.

Keep a tin box with matches, for you never know when an electric light or gas is going to leave.

Keep a bottle of bay rum and toilet powder on your shelves.

A nice little box for the toilet in the bathroom. Take about two yards of cloth, fold up four inches from the top, and put pockets. It is nice to put wash things in, such as the towels and bathmat with.

DAISY.

RAISED CORN MEAL BREAD.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Will send two recipes which I think good:

Boston Brown Bread—Stir together one cup of molasses, one cup of corn meal, two cups of flour, one cup of milk, two teaspoons soda, one teaspoon salt, one cup of raisins, steam one and one-half hours.

Raised Corn Meal Bread—Put one-half cup yellow corn meal into the bread pan, pour over it one pint of boiling water, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, steam one and one-half hours.

ANNEIRA.

HOPES TO GO AGAIN.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: Here I come again. It has been quite a while since I wrote you last letter. I guess some of the Sisters have forgotten that I was a member of The Corner.

I had a nice time to Aunt Mary's picnic and I hope to go again some time. We had a very nice time and was glad to meet them.

The weather was awful nice to send the ice cream. It was fine.

I was glad to see Lucy so well and happy.

Photographer ought to have been there so as to take our pictures.

Best wishes to one and all.

DAISY OF CANTERBURY.

GERANIUMS.

Dear Corner Folks:—Last fall I was advised to root geranium slips in October and the weather was perfect for the winter, but they did not, although thrifty.

Now I am told when taking up the larger ones to cut off the old leaves and pot them. Shall try a few and hope for success.

Have been keeping one dorman on the north side of the house this summer.

Best wishes.

BLANCHE.

DER KAISER SAW SI.

Dear Social Corner Writers: Here I am for just a little chat.

St. Norway you did not know, Saturday and wanted to holler 'Hello!' Mandy was with you so I was a little timid. Didn't I meet you at Aunt Abby's picnic? Perhaps I have made a mistake.

Merry Widow: How do you like your new home? Think I saw you Saturday.

DER KAISER.

THANKS FOR THE GOOD TIME.

Dear Social Corner Sisters: I have been an interested reader of the Social Corner since its beginning and a short time ago I had the pleasure of attending one of the picnics and I enjoyed it so much that I wish to thank the Sisters for the good time I had.

Best wishes for the Corner.

"HOOSIER."

## "HE MADE HIS CHOICE"

NANNIE HAWKINS.

"Don't go with him tonight, Walter! You know what the result always is!" pleaded Alice Graham as her husband was starting off for a trolley ride with his chum, Rob Wheeler.

"Oh, you make me tired! I think it is a great pity a man can't take a car ride and a cool glass of beer with a friend without all this fuss, and I shan't give Rob up to please any woman, no matter how much she fusses."

All right," was the quiet answer.

Ten years before Alice Gordon had been one of the brightest girls in her native city. Her parents were dead and she held a good position in the office of an old friend of her father; but she fell in love with a handsome Walter Graham and like many another foolish girl, married him to reform him, and now at the end of ten years of struggle, disappointment and humiliating dependence on the charity of friends she was almost a nervous wreck with a boy of eight years depending on her.

Walter was a workman and sometimes he would let liquor alone for weeks, but the growing influence of Rob Wheeler made her life miserable. Wheeler was a dissipated, godless man who sneered at good women and men who did not drink. No holiday or Sunday was without his presence. He was a drunkard and as he always had money and was ready to pay the bills Walter could not see he was working to injure him.

Alice had considerable talent in describing natural scenery, historic places, etc., and was a fair photographer. She had been a member of the club for several years and had received an offer of a good position at that work. She had expected to decline it because it would oblige her to travel a great deal of her time, but that night made her change her mind. In the store room was a trunk packed with her mother's belongings, and she had been thinking of taking them to her new home, but she had never been used to her home, and she began to feel that she was leaving her home for a new one.

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